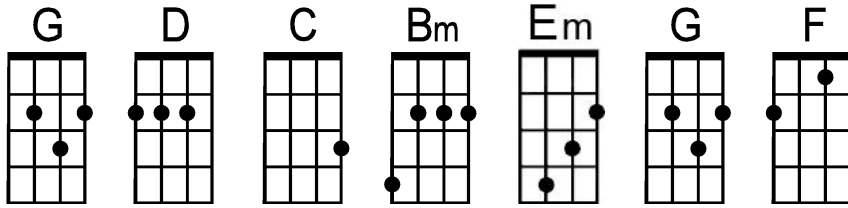


I Think We're Alone Now (key of G)

by Ritchie Cordell (1967)



Intro: G . . . | D . . . | C . . . | G . . . | . .

(sing b c d)

. . . | Bm . . . | Em . . . | D . . . |
Children, be—have—— That's what they say when we're to—ge—ther

G . . . | Bm . . . | Em . . . | D . . . |
And watch how you pla—ay—— They don't under—stand— and so we're

Bm . . . | G . . . | Bm . . . | G . . . |
Running just as fast as we ca—an— Holding onto one a—no—ther's ha—and——

F . . . | . . . | D . . . |
Trying to get a—way into the night and then you put your arms a—round me and we

. . . | G . . . |
Tumble to the ground and then you say

Chorus:

. . . | D . . . | C . . . | G . . . | . . . |
I think we're a—lone now— There doesn't seem to be any—one a—rou—ound

. . . | D . . . | C . . . | G . . . |
I think we're a—lone now— The beating of our hearts is the only— sou—ound

G\ --- --- | --- --- |
[tap-tap tap-tap tap-tap tap-tap]

G . . . | Bm . . . | Em . . . | D . . . |
Look at the way—— we got—ta hide what we're do—in'

G . . . | Bm . . . | Em . . . | D . . . |
Cuz what would they say—ay—— if they ever knew— and so we're

Bm . . . | G . . . | Bm . . . | G . . . |
Running just as fast as we ca—an— Holding onto one a—no—ther's ha—and——

F . . . | . . . | D . . . |
Trying to get a—way into the night and then you put your arms a—round me and we

. . . | G . . . |
Tumble to the ground and then you say

Chorus:

I think we're a—lone now— There doesn't seem to be any—one a—rou-ound

I think we're a—lone now— The beating of our hearts is the only— sou-ound

G\ --- --- --- | --- --- --- |
[tap-tap tap-tap tap-tap tap-tap]

G . . . | D . . . | C . . . | G . . . |
I think we're a—lone now— There doesn't seem to be any—one a—rou-ound
(a-lone now————)

. . . | D . . . | C . . . | G . . . |
I think we're a—lone now— The beating of our hearts is the only— sou-ound
(a-lone now————)

G . . . | D . . . | C . . . | G . . . |
I think we're a—lone now— There doesn't seem to be any—one a—rou-ound
(a-lone now————)

. . . | D . . . | C . . . | G . . . | G\
I think we're a—lone now— The beating of our hearts is the only— sou-ound
(a-lone now————)

San Jose Ukulele Club
(v1d - 12/28/20)